A NIGHT IN HER LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

he or she arrived.

Grayfield, and whether he was sorry to find | her something like inspiration. her absent. But Vanda had pressed her so very short time all inclination to beat a re- her pocket-handkerchief. treat had left her, so new and interesting to her was the style of the Luxmore's friends. Mrs. Luxmore.

"These are Mr. and Miss Bouverie. They are the people who have done so much for young lady is a genius !" the work-girl. Doesn't she look nice and good? That is Jack Matthews, who has Cecily," said Vanda. written a comic opera: There are Mr. and Mrs. Brace. He is editor of the National Rutland?" was the question at once put by Critic. Here is nice Mr. Paul Randall-he | the novelist, when he had made his bow. can just sing! You must hear him. He is the tenor in the quartette; and over there, talking to mamma, is the bass, Walter Baylis-very nice and clever and funny. And me to-night." here-oh, here at last is the very nicest of

all, Mr. Kent-the novelist you know." handsome tenor, Paul Randall, and fixed no teaching." them upon Mr. Kent. He did not coincide Mr. Oscar Mallinger. This was a man of fiveand thirty-perhaps rather more, clean- dark-gray eyes upon the girl. shaven, slightly bald, slightly gray, and wearing a double eye-glass.

"Phæbe," said Cecily slowly "have you ever read The Winter is Past?"

" Yes.

"Mother doesn't care for his books. She | Sarasate." thinks them unhealthy, and so does Ric." writer, is he not?"

"Yes, I think so. But I have heard | glass. several people say his last book was poor.

The conversation was broken off here by the beginning of the voice quartettes. had struck upon her ear, was rapt; all the music in her nature was stirred. They sang again and again, the audience admiring and applauding. Then Paul Randall sang a solo, accompanied by Phoebe. Cecily's given me great pleasure to-night. I can weariness was all forgotten. Madeline Sedgewick sung, prettily and brightlyjust the kind of voice and song which are most pleasant to listen to.

"Miss Rutland, will you give us a little thing, if you are not too tired?" said Richard | ple who write books can always make pretty

now; she thirsted for her violin. Mrs. | mouth hardened. Luxmore had not introduced her to many people, rightly judging that she would one of my kind before, Miss Rutland?' rather be let alone a little while first. There was a movement of general interest as the tall graceful girl in white crossed the a stray celebrity;" and she laughed as lightroom and unfastened her violin-case. Just behind her, a tall lamp cast down its radiance upon the bronze gleams of her hair and said, after a long look at her, "and make upon the exquisite curve of her arm and her ratify your acceptance of my invitawrist; the dark red of the stones of her | tion." necklace enhanced the whiteness of her throat. On her face was that expression which is, above all others, so fascinating - eagerly. the look of having passed through some vital experience, of having all the faculties of the | treat," the novelist said. "I want to insoul awakened -the look which incites the dulge myself with a first sight of Miss Rutspectator to gaze and gaze again, in the hope land when she first hears Sarasate. She has of reading more in that perplexing sweet- promised to dine at Chelsea to-morrow. ness, of analysing its depths and its inten- Will you come with her?" tion. She had been very attractive when Mallinger met her first; but now her at. cheerfully. "I shall like it of all things. tractions were doubled. She had to thank He is going to play Rapsodie. I have him for this; he had also put the finishing | nothing on to-morrow evening, and Phæbe touch to her violin-playing. All of the and Ric will be at their orchestra pracrestless rebellious pride and love and regret | tice : so it will be just the thing for Cis and in her found its way to the sympathetic me." strings. Her first notes produced a strange stillness in her audience.

to remark that she was excessively glad her as a faint additional color rose in the girl's daughters, Sibyl and Marjorie, did not play | clear cheeks. in Cecily Rutland's professional style. In It seemed to Cecily as if the whole evenfact, until Mallinger appeared upon the ing flew by on wings. She was almost bescene, the reception of her playing in the wildered with the number of new faces and neighbourhood of Ryelands had been quite the new and strange topics on which the without enthusiasm. This had checked her, members of the party conversed. but it had not made her nervous, with her When it was all over and she was safely beloved violin in her hand she must let her- tucked into her comfortable bed, she was

an instant's thrilling pause, and then such scarcely occurred to her once during the Mrs. Kent, most sincerely for this irregua round of applause as almost took the whole evening, except when playing her young performer's breath away. There was | violin. That feeling, so bitter to a woman, not one person in that room who was not a | of being ignored, passed over, forsakenconneisseur, who did not know the exact | that feeling which had poisoned her life for worth of such playing as had just been | the past months seemed almost gone. Here heard. She was surrounded. Half a dozen in London, before she had been there for people were asking to be introduced to her. | three hours, she was sought out, appreciat-Vanda thrilled with pride at her friend's ed, made much of. It was a dangerous reactriumph.

"I told you so !" she said in a low tone to Richard. "I knew she had only to be heard | head the crowning glory of the evening. to be appreciated."

with the warmth of an enthusiast. "Music | committee, asked her to play at the approachseems to breathe from every pulse."

every voice.

Cecily took up the bow again, thrilling with a new strange exultation. Mallinger had been right, then, when he poured praises into her ear; his verdict was trueshe was unappreciated at Ryelands because she was not understood. She pulled out from her heap of music an almost unknown piece called "A Farewell." Mallinger had invented a whole libretto for the music and imagined it to be the leave-taking of a prophesied that he should never return to the wife he adored. How well the girl remembered playing at Greyfield the night before his departure last winter! How she recalled the garish lights in the great drawing-room at the Manor; the Squire nodding over his Field; Mrs. Mylner dozing over her crochet counterpane; Hugh-Cecily's brother—in a corner with Marjorie playing "Go Bang"; Sibyl casting tender light save that given by the glowing fire and | never to wear any other." by the candles on the grand piano. Back

Oscar's tender voice as he begged her to

Dinner was scarcely over before guests humiliation swept over her by turns as she and furnished her with the name of each as glowed at his broken words, his scarcely veiled hints of devotion.

as she liked about sitting up, and to retire dashed away her weakness. It was over her white gown to-night. I want you to see "He very likely believes himself to be sinto bed the moment she felt tired; and at now. She was in London, among new surfirst Cecily's impulse had been to plead fa- roundings; she meant to bury out of sight tigue, and slip off to the companionship of | the follies of the past. She played. The her own thoughts-to wonder what Oscar piece, with all its stinging memories, took Mallinger and his fiancee were doing at hold of her as it always did; it stirred in

At its close there was an odd silence, and eagerly to wait that she yielded; and in a Miss Bouverie was seen to be furtively using made for pictures and not for wives, mother, will perhaps not be as forbearing as I am. Mr. Brace, the editor of the National Critic

At last Mr. Brace the editor turned to

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Kent, "You have studied in Germany, Miss

"Yes," said Cecily simply.

"I hope you will accept my very genuine thanks for the enjoyment you have given

"I am glad you like my playing," she answered; "but I am much in want of lessons. Cecily slowly removed her eyes from the I live quite in the country, where I can get other people, you forget to have one of your

"What you would like to do would be to with her idea of a novelist-he was not like hear the very best playing in Londonwould you not ?" he asked, turning his keen

> She raised her eyes to him with a sudden light in them.

"Oh, I should !"

"I wish," said Julian Kent, "that you "No. It is by Mallinger, is it not?" - | would allow me to gratify you. I should like to watch your face when first you hear

She fixed her eager questioning eyes upon "Indeed! But he is a very popular | his countenance and thought it both humorous and kindly in spite of the double eye-

"If Miss Luxmore and you will do me stuff-"A Platonic Friendship" I think it is the honor of dining with my mother and me to-morrow, I think it might be managed,

"Oh, do you really mean it-mean me to Cecily, before three of the melodious notes hear Sarasate to-morrow?" she said, quite breathlessly.

"Will that give you pleasure?"

"Great pleasure! You must know it!" "Then we shall be quits, for you have | never feel quite comfortable when under the

burden of an obligation." "What a pretty way you put it !" said Cecily, breaking into a smile which made you," said Mrs. Kent to the girl. all her expressive face radiant. "But peospeeches," she added; and, as she spoke, All the girl's artist nature was awake the smile died away, and the corners of her

> "Have you had the misfortune to know asked Kent, who watched her narrowly.

> "Even in the country one sometimes finds

ly as she could. "I must go and seek Miss Vanda," he

Miss Luxmore approached at the moment.

" Miss Luxmore, I want to give myself a

"That I will," said unaffected Vanda

"I shall invite Randall to complete the party. Have you any objection?'

At Greyfield Mrs. Mylner had been heard "I? None in the world!" was the reply

self go-she could not be diffident or cold. far too tired to do more than just remember At the conclusion of her effort there was in sleepy surprise that Mallinger's name had

Chief and above all was ringing in her Just before the guests separated, Richard "Seen and heard too," replied Richard, Luxmore had come up and, on behalf of the ing Artists' Benefit Concert. It was not "Some more! Some more!" clamored until afterwards that Vanda made her understand fully what honor this was. The concert was to be held in Camelot House, the great historic mansion of the Duke of Lamorna. Half the items on the programme were to be performed by ladies and gentlemen of title. Recitations were to be given by a Marchioness of literary proclivities; the Ladies Adeline and Angela, the Duke's by Grieg-a wild Norse romance, simply little daughters, were in the orchestra, and the reviewer? Who do you think has the a few of the best singers of the day were impudence—the sheer impudence—to put gladly giving their services—it is to be feared more to oblige the Duchess than the | if you please !" Viking chief, to whom it had been needy artists who were to reap the fruit of their labours.

> instant fame to Cecily; and her dreams | tention so fixed upon the speaker that only less with hands folded in her lap? His that night might have been of a most exciting description had she not been too tired | mercy for the girl that she was only expect- | fierce persistency that she felt it and turned to have any dreams at all.

CHAPTER IV.

"She has dark reddish brown hair, and a glances at Squire Harding, who was longing | skin which by lamplight seemed to me to | ture of the day? to be in the back drawing-room with Miss be faultless, but which perhaps 'will not

to the girl's mind rushed every false note of You never saw her in any other."

not wear it to-night, though-at least, if would probably tell you, if you remonstratshe were a London girl she would not. One ed with him, that no private feeling should of the unwritten laws about the dress of the interfere with the discharge of public duty, woman of to-day is that it shall vary. If I and that he owed it to his conscience and meet Mrs. Brace at the Smith's on Tuesday | to art to say what he thought of me, even in a toilette which it is a treat only to look | though we were triends." play that once more. Wild rage and bitter at, I may be sure she will not wear it at the "A little scrub like that! They ought mured. Browns' on Wednesday. I have complained not to dare to allow him to review any began to drop in. Phæbe sat by Cecily remembered how she had trembled and several times to ladies whom I have the book of yours!" cried Paul, still furious. privilege of knowing well, but in vain ! Had | "He is beside himself, I think. What do and reveal more than you know." it not been my first introduction to Miss | you intend to do, Kent?" Mrs. Luxmore had begged the girl to do | She took up her bow with a firm hand and Rutiand, I would have begged her to wear | Let him alone," was the amused answer.

"My dear Julian, I wish you could give up looking at women as if they were pictures and think about one as a wife," said Mrs. Kent quietly, as she disentangled her crim- of himself,' as the French say, on his en- seemed as if all the Kents' set could speak

ing man; and, had I lived a generation ago, "that he has a political pamphlet in the Mrs. Luamore's. "I congratulate you," he said. "The little soul who parted her hair in the middle | -with the Earl, his future father-in-law, at is tie most impudent thing of the season, pation. But nowadays! Bless me, it takes | dinner! Let us leave Mr. Mallinger alone | The young man has exposed himself quite

Julian. I am sure Vanda Luxmore is not | which was peculiarly his own-sweet and | clever; there are some good bits in it."

of the class you describe.

dall, which is the reason I have asked him | night !" here to-night." "You are so busy making up matches for

own," said Mrs. Kent tartly. " With whom are you going to pair off Miss Rutland ?" "Well," said her son, staring into the fire, "I haven't quite made up my mind

"Oscar Mallinger would have suited her, from your description, I should think." "But Oscar is flying kites and has climb-

ed into exalted society," said Julian, smiling. "It is slippery up there, though. wonder if he will keep his footing-eh?"

Little did Cecily dream whose name had just been uttered as she followed Vanda into the charming drawing-room.

The Kents lived in a flat in Chelsea—a palatial one, with every modern improvement. It just suited their wandering habits, for they were always travelling. This drawing-room, dark and rich in coloring, lighted by glowing fire and soft lamp, and filled with curiosities of every sort, seemed a fairyland to Cecily.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Kent was pleased with his visitor's appearance, for she wore the very same white dress as last night, garnet necklace and all.

Vanda, who knew Mrs. Kent intimately, went up to her and kissed her, and introduced her friend. "My son has told me a great deal about

"How did he find out a great deal about me? It must be his wonderful knowledge of character, for he has not seen much of me," laughed Cecily, quite at her case with the sensible, plain, well-bred old lady.

"He is a terrible hand at seeing to the bottom of people at a glance," said the nov-

clist's mother. Cecily turned round suddenly upon Julian, who was examining with interest a china kitten on the mantelpiece.

"Am I the kind of person one sees through at a glance?" she said, with grave gray eyes bent upon him.

He felt the challenge in these eyes; he felt that there were depths in this girl which he was not prepared to find. As she "Oh, Vanda, you must!" cried Cecily steadily looked at him, she was mutely defying him to find her out; he accepted her defiance with a gaze as determined as

> "I don't know about other people. I have not tried to see through you," was what he said with his lips. "If she is shallow, that will pique her," he thought.

She smiled tranquilly. "I am so glad. Now I shall enjoy my evening. I shall not be tormented with the idea that you are trying to classify me. Remember, you are not a novelist, but a man to-night!"

"And a gentleman, I hope, Miss Rutland," Julian returned quickly. "Even a surgeon would scarcely vivisect his friend.' "Pshaw, my dear Kent, what's that you say?" cried Paul Randall, entering in his evening dress, looking very handsome indeed with his Neapolitan violets. "Novelists and doctors earn their daily bread by vivisecting their nearest end dearest. I suppose you have seen this week's Forum?"

"Yes," answered Kent simply. "A case exactly in point !" said Paul vehemently. "Look what you did for that little upstart! Who got him a place on the staff of the Forum? I beg your pardon, larity! How are you? Very well I hope! But this sort of thing does make one's blood boil, does it not?"

"Julian, what is this?" said Mrs. Kent. Randall checked himself suddenly and looked appealingly at Kent, who had made | she asked. him one or two unavailing signals to be

"Have I let the cat out of the bag?" he

cried penitently. Julian laughed a little.

"And all her kittens! But it is of no consequence," he said good-humouredly. "I've been pretty roughly treated in the Forum-that's all, mother. I thought I would not tell you about it yet, lest it Christmas. should spoil your enjoyment of Sarasate." "A hostile review of you in the Forum?

I cannot believe it, Julian!" cried his mother. "What was the occasion of it?" "The fifth edition of A 'Matter of Taste," said Randall wrathfully. "But that is not the worst, Mr. Kent! Who do you think is

ed to sit still, for she could not have spoken. | slowly toward him.

his name to the review? Oscar Mallinger,

all, you have been misinformed !" my pocket," said the author tranquilly, of her sensitive figure-"I know by virtue of my art. She will "You must not be hard on Mallinger. He

"He ought to be suppressed !"

"He will suppress himself, Paul, if you give him the chance. He is a little 'out people began to move about and talk. It gagement to her ladyship; he is presuming of was Mallinger's attack upon him in the "The women of this generation were too far upon his notoriety, and everybody Forum. Amongst others who came up was They won't wear. Seriously, I am a marry- I have heard," he concluded, with a smile, whom Cecily had met the night before at I should have married at once-some good press. I fancy that will about do for him women half the day to arrange their heads, and proceed to something pleasanter. Miss enough. He must have his quietus.' and the rest to be fitted by their tailor !" Rutland, may I escort you?" He turned to comparatively rare. "Let me have the you, and of that opinion is Mr. Paul Ran- "that I am not a novelist, but a man to-

> The stalls at St. James's Hall were crowd ed for the great violinist's recital. Cecily sat rapt-half her attention concentrated on what was passing round her, the other half in fierce self-questionings about what

> Womanlike, her first impulse had been to take up the cudgels for the man she had so adored. Mallinger-the Mallinger she had known-was surely incapable of such baseness as this she had just heard discussed ! But then a voice whispered in her ear, "How did this man treat you? If he could throw over the woman who loved him, would he hesitate to injure his friend ?"

> "Oh, why-why cannot I get away from the remembrance of him?" she thought passionately. ". I fled from home to avoid him and have fallen into the midst of his friends-or his enemies, to speak more correctly. I did all I could to forget him, but it has been of no use. Here, as everywhere, I cannot escape from my misery."

> The change which had fallen upon her spirits did not escape Kent's notice. His intense quickness of sympathy was what had made him the novelist of the hour. He could, as it were, tear the human heart from his subject and hold it up to the view -but not brutally. So tenderly did he touch the longings, the failings, the hopes and fears of the men and woman of his day that those who read felt their hearts warm with sympathy towards those who moved, lived, suffered, and were glad in his pages ; and real tears fell upon the records of sin and blotted them out, as the tear of the recording angel blotted out Uncle Toby's

> This was the man who was now making a study of Cecily Rutland. He had an idea -a vague one at present-that he was on the verge of discovering the secret of the girl's face. Some vital experience had left its mark upon her -- that had been his very first impression. This experience had had a saddening effect. Almost involuntarily, as soon as he had begun to talk to her, he found himself searching for a clue. One speech of hers had at once roused his atten-

> "People who write books can always make pretty speeches," she had said; and the look which accompanied the words had been a very bitter one. To-night, her involuntary start at Mallinger's name recalled both the words and the look. She had listened eagerly to the conversation which followed, but had taken no part in it. At dinner the subject came up again. Mr. Randall and Vanda Luxmore discussed Oscar's novels with much spirit. Cecily still preserved silence.

asked her.

"Yes," she had replied.

" What do think of him?" "I like his books-I mean, I think them

very clever," was the hurried response. "So," reflected the novelist, "she never heard of me !"-for Phoebe had retailed to him this interesting fact. "She never heard of me, but has read all Mallinger; also, having read him and admired him, she does not care to talk about him. What does this portend ?" He set to work to think it out. In a pause of the concert he

"What is your part of the country, Miss Rutland?

She told him. "Ryelands?" he said. "I fancy I have met a man who came from those parts.

Miller-Milner, was the name ?" "Robert Mylner? Is he at the bar?"

"That's the man. Do you know him?" "Of course I do. We have been almost brought up with the Mylners of Greyfield ; we shared a governess as children, and Sibyl was with me at Dusseldorf.'

Kent had ascertained all he wished to know. He was well aware that Mallinger, at whose rooms he had met Robert Mylner, had stayed for a month at Greyfield last

The knowledge made him feel dissatisfied and cross, he hardly knew why. As Cecily sat, her lovely pathetic eyes fixed upon Sarasate, he angrily imagined that she was paying no heed to the treat he was giving her; her heart was away with his rival. He started. His rival? In what sense, pray? He, the great Kent, had never in his life admitted that Mallinger was his rival from a literary point of view. What then-what could he have meant? A rival Cecily started. For her very life she for the regard of this country parson's could not have helped doing so. The start | daughter, whose delicate profile was turned Of course, if she had a success, it meant | was quite momentary, and the general at- towards him, whose white arms lay motionone person saw the tell-tale sign. It was a angry gaze fixed itself upon her with such

What was this she was hearing? How were | The violinist was in the midst of a phrase these people speaking of the man who was of such exquisite pathos and sweetness that jewels in the world, and they are able to to her almost as a god-of him whom she be- the audience was listening in breathless lieved to be the leader of the literary cul- silence. Kent could see in a flash that the music, and that only, was filling Cecily's moment, as certainly as a tailor would rec-"Oscar Mallinger," the old lady was say- soul. With one hand she made him a little ognize at thirty paces the customer who Rutland and Mallinger! The scene lay be- bear the light of day.' She moves like a ing-"the young fellow to whom my son gesture not to move or speak and kept her forgot to pay him. fore these two last, framed by the tapestry | queen, and last night wore a dress, about | was so kind, the handsome musical man | heautiful eyes fixed upon him, a smile just | curtains of the archway. In the little back | which I can tell you only two things-first, | whom he helped on, and for whom he got a dawning in their depths. He felt that he away in a low pathetic wail of the strings.

"It makes one shiver, does it not?"

He held her eyes with his, to make her continue to look at him.

"Do you like it-is it giving you pleasure ?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"It is wonderful—it is bewidering! I cannot thank you properly now," mur-

"You have thanked me with your eyes. Like Jane Eyre's, those features are tell-tales

"Do they?" she said, with sudden consternation; and Kent railed at himself for a clumsy fool, as he saw that his own words had reminded her of what, at the moment,

she had absolutely forgotten. It was the end of the first part, and the

"Well, Kent," was his greeting, "this and played at croquet as her wildest dissi- all events. But come—they have announced isn't it? It must be put a stop to at once.

"You are all too hard upon him," said "You will always joke on this subject, her and offered her his arm, with a smile Kent unemotionally. "The thing is rather

"The thing is impertinent trash from "No; she is of the wife class, I grant honour of reminding you all," he continued, end to end," cried the editor angrily. "The Forum ought to be above such balder dash. We have had a good many furt ny things in literature lately, but 'pon my life, I think the spectacle of Mallinger sit, ting down to criticise Kent beats the record!"

"I don't see it," said the novelist. He

has been very successful." "Successful? With whom? Among whom? Hysterical advanced young women and morbid men! but I'll put a stop to it. Wait till I get my knife into him!'

During the whole dialogue Kent's eyes had been fixed upon Cecily. Her changing color, quickened breath, and silent interest exasperated him unaccountably.

"Les absents ont toujours tort, is it not so. Miss Rutland?" he said with a most a

"Absent? Yes; he's not in London just now. He is staying with Mylner down at Greyfield, you know, with his aristocratic fiancee," said Brace unamiably. "He is done for, though. I warned him, some time ago, that he was not the great man he fancies himself; but it was of no use. He is

rushing on his own destruction! Julian Kent knew everything now, even the reason why Cecily had come to London. He felt himself exulting quite cruelly over his advantage. The girl was silent; she could not speak; she was afraid of betraying herself. He watched her grow whiter and whiter, until he was afraid she would really faint; but she was not weak enough for that. Unfurling her large white fan, she moved it slowly to and fro; and, when Mr. Brace spoke to her-told her how he looked forward so the Artists' Benefit Concert. and how one of his reporters would be there -she was able to answer him with a composure that astonished Kent. But of the second half of the programme she heard nothing, and he knew that she did not. Sh was thinking only of Mallinger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIAMOND DEALERS OF PARIS. Men Who know by Sight Most of the

World's Costliest Gems. On the second floor of the cafe in the Boulevard Montmartre, in Paris, the market or bourse of precious stones is held, always in broad daylight. Very few strangers to the trade can penetrate this sanctuary, not because the access to it is difficult, for the door is always open, but because the portfolios close and the stars disappear the moment an unknown face appears at the threshold. Don't believe for a moment that, these dealers in precious stones are afraid of robbers. That is the smallest thing that bothers them. What they dread, according to the Boston Globe, is to let the small jewelers know the real value of their goods. As "Do you read Mallinger?" Kent had soon as the stranger departs the arms stretch out and the portfolios reappear. The great er number of these portfolios are made of tin and are closed with a lock and key. In a moment the tables are covered with little bundles of white paper formed like those in which the druggists put rhubarb or sulphate of magnesia. These packages are opened, and in lesstime than it takes to tell it the tables, including the billiard table, are covred with precious stones which might startle the shah of Persia. Each one of perhaps 10,000 packages contains a large number of brilliants. After they are disposed of the rare stones are introduced. Here there are sapphires as big as nuts. There lies a black diamond almost as large as the twelve pearls

> made of fifteen emeralas that would make as many snuff-boxes. "Here is a rare bargain," shouts one of the mer cants, "one of the finest pieces of ancient jewelry known! It is a necklace that belonged to Mme. la Princesse Guemenee. Mounting, diamon's and all are ancient. Prince Proisetoiloff refused 75,000 francs for it twenty years ago." The necklace is passed from hand to hand. Indecision and doubt are painted upon some faces. At last the necklace is passed to Michel. He is the great judge. He takes it, weighs it in his hand, looks at it with an indifferent air and

> that surround it. Here, again, is a necklace

"The two brilliants are ancient. They come with their mounting, from the Countess de Prejean. The two others, still finer, once formed part of a necklace which was stolen in Venice in 1804 from Mme. Morosini. This necklace belonged lately to Lady Temple, whose husband purchased it at Candahar of Isaac Lieven. Lady Temple gave it to her daughter, who sold it three days after her marriage. As for the sapphire in the centre, that comes from the sale of Mile. Schneider. The rest is new and comes direct from Hamburg. But, after all, it is well preserved, and 75,000 francs does not seem to be too much for

As extraordinary as it may appear, there are now living five or six individuals who know most of the costly diamonds and rich recognize them after a lapse of thirty years, even when they had first seen them only a

Fogg-" My wife is really getting complidrawing room where they sat there was no it was white; and, secondly, she ought post on one of the papers? Oh, Mr. Rand. held his breath till the passage closed, dying mentary." Brown-"Ah! how's that?" Fogg-"Why, she came mighty near speak. "My dear Julian, how do you know? "It's all right, mother; the paper's in Then she whispered with a slight vibration ing of my raven locks." Brown-"How near, for instance?" Fogg--" Why, she said my head looked like a crop's nest."